



*LastGasp*

**CONTRIX**

Socio-  
Political  
Satire

# EDMMIES FROM MARS

*- The Red Planet - issue number 6 Adult readers only! \$2.50*







*sumhaty*  
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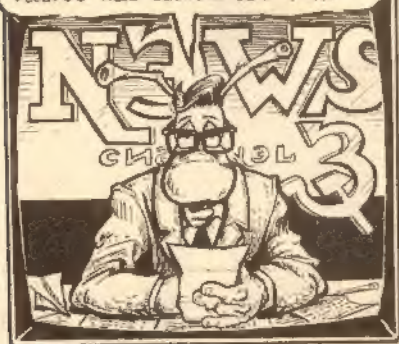
# LIFE DRAGS ON ON THE NEW MARTIAN EARTH



GARBONZO BEAN PRODUCTION WAS UP 13.02% IN SECTOR 14-B OF P92T MOSS, IDAHO, LAST MONTH. MEDALS WILL BE AWARDED MONDAY. IN NEW MEXICO, THE TOWN OF CHINGSDERRA WAS DISINTERESTED AFTER IT WAS LEARNED THEIR QUOTA OF TRACTOR TIRE AIR VALVES WAS SHORT 24%...

COMRADES BLUNKIES AWARD WINNING FILM ON THE GRIMMEST INDUSTRY... UNUSUNG CIRCLES... WE ON? SHOWING AT LOCAL O.K.? UH... TESTING, ATTENDANCE ONE... TWO... THR. O.K.? MANDATORY AMERICANS! IT'S ME AGAIN. COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM A LOCAL BATTLEFIELD.

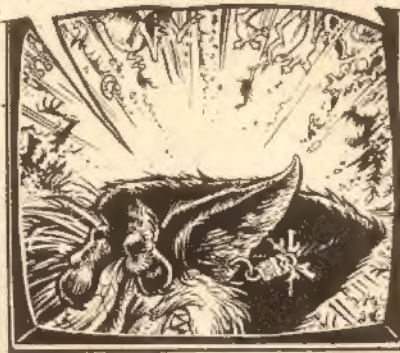
I TRIED TO WARN YOU ONCE, NOW LOOK AT US! GRAPPLING WITH COMMUNISM IN OUR SUBURBS, AND BALLPARKS, AND SHOPPING MALLS!



THE COMMIES WERE SMART! THEY KNEW THAT IF THEY DIDN'T TAKE YOUR T.V.'S AWAY, RESISTANCE WOULD BE LOW!

WHILE YOU SIT THERE ON YER FAT, JUNK FOOD, BEER-FILLED, MARTIAN DOMINATED ASSES, WE ARE FIGHTING TO BLAST THESE MOOSE-FACED RED BASTARDS BACK INTO THE SUCKING VACUUM OF SPACE!

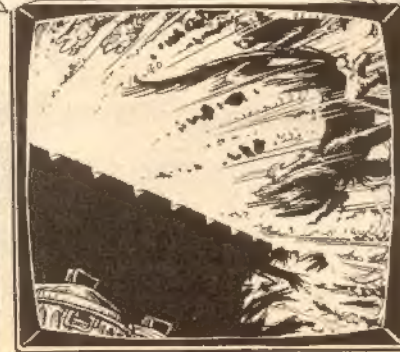
BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP. THESE PUPPIES GO THROUGH BULLETS FASTER THAN A COMMIE'S MOTHER GOES THROUGH COMBAT BOOTS!



SO WHEN OUR FREEDOM FIGHTERS REP SNEAKS UP TO YOUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... GIVE GENEROUSLY!

I AINT RAMBO, JACK... AND THIS AINT NICA-FUCKIN'-RAGUA! THESE ARE YOUR OWN BACKYARDS WE'RE FIGHTIN' IN! SO DO US A FAVOR...

... FER CRISSAKES, CLEAN UP THE DOGSHIT!





...SENATE CHALLENGER HUB SELWIN TODAY ACCUSED INCUMBENT LANDON MCCLAYNE OF -QUOTE- TREASONOUS CONSPIRACY WITH THE OCCUPATIONAL GOVERNMENT TO STRIP AMERICANS OF THEIR LAST REMAINING RIGHTS -UNQUOTE. MCCLAYNE, IN RETURN, IMPLIED SELWIN COMPLICITY IN RECENT TERRORIST ACTIVITIES IMPUTED TO THE COUNTER-INSURGENCY MOVEMENT.

MCCLAYNE

SELWIN

SELWIN, MCCLAYNE ALLEGES, WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GAIN THE SENATE, INCLUDING VIOLENCE. BACK TO YOU, BFL0TZ.

# COUNTERPOINT

©86

John Larson

MEET YOUR DAUGHTER'S NEW BOY-FRIEND.

AIN'T HE BITCHIN', DADDY?

OR BOSS, OR SELF-CRITICISM INSTRUCTOR. WELCOME TO LANDON MCCLAYNE'S AMERICA...



HUB SELWIN SAYS, "WAKE UP, U.S.A. MCCLAYNE IS SELLING US DOWN THE RIVER (OR RATHER, CANAL) FOR A FEW COCK-TAIL PARTIES AND AN EXTRA MEAT RATION BOOK..."



SELWIN★

I'M HUB SELWIN. WE HAVE TO LIVE WITH THE MARTIANS, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT, OR LET THEM SIT ON OUR COLLECTIVE FACE. TAKE BACK THE DREAM. VOTE SELWIN FOR U.S. SENATOR.

HUB'S LANDON. GREAT SPOT, BABE. NO KIDDING. REAL BOTTOM-OF-THE DRAIN-TRAP-USED-TAMPON-STUFF. LISTEN, PIGSHIT. I'M GONNA BUST THE WHEELS OFF YOUR ROCKING-HORSE.

YEAH! SEE YOU IN PRISON, BLISTER HEAD!





"...WE INTERCUT SHOTS OF SELWIN ON ONE OF HIS TYPICAL RANTS, WITH SCENES FROM 'WAR OF THE WORLDS' AND 'EARTH VS THE FLYING SAUCERS'; RIGHT? AND A V.O., CONFIDENTIAL AND CONCERNED... KEITH?"

"THERE'S A WORD FOR HUB SELWIN'S WORLD VIEW. SEVERAL, IN FACT. 'PARANOID', 'HYSTERICAL', 'REACTIONARY' AND 'FASCIST' COME TO MIND. DO WE REALLY WANT A FIFTIES SCI-FI VOICE TO BE OUR VOICE IN WASHINGTON?"

FADE TO BLACK. AND THEN UP ON LONDON, HERE, GLAD-HANDING, SPEECHIFYING, SLEEVE-ROLLED TIE-LOOSE-ENED PROBLEM-SOLVING WITH ASSORTED COMRADE LEADERS...

"LONDON MCCLAYNE KNOWS OUR COMRADE LEADERS, AND THEY KNOW HIM. TRUST HIM, AND CAN WORK WITH HIM TO GET THINGS DONE."

LOVE IT!

"...THEN WE CUT BACK TO A FINAL EXTREME C.U. OF SELWIN'S SWEATY, POP-EYED MUG..."

"...IF YOU STILL THINK HUB SELWIN'S YOUR MAN, THINK ABOUT THIS..."

"...WHICH DISSOLVES TO A SLO-MO OF THAT CLASSIC SAUCERS-WASTE-THE-CAPITOL SCENE..."



"FANTASIES SOMETIMES HAVE A FUNNY WAY OF BECOMING REALITY."

"...AN OMINOUS MUSICAL-STING..."

"...FADE TO WHITE AND SUPER:"

"DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK, LONDON MCCLAYNE FOR U.S. SENATE."

GREAT! WOW!







WILL WE HAVE ANY...  
PROBLEMS...WITH THIS,  
COMRADE MEDIA  
LIASON?

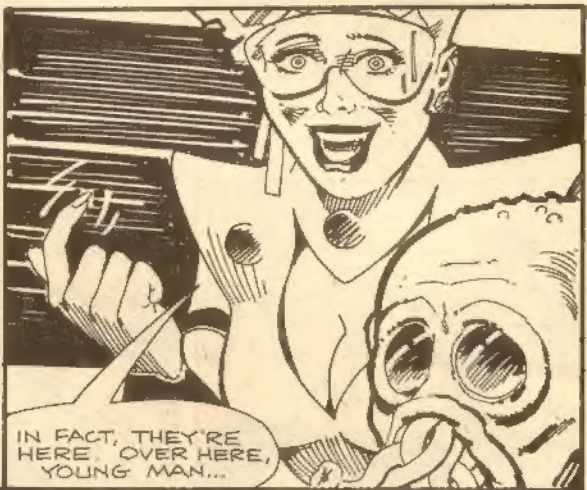
YES, THE  
REVISIONS ARE  
ON THE WAY.

\* NONE,  
GIVEN THE  
REVISIONS  
MS. STEP-  
FORD AND  
I DIS-  
CUSSED  
EARLIER.

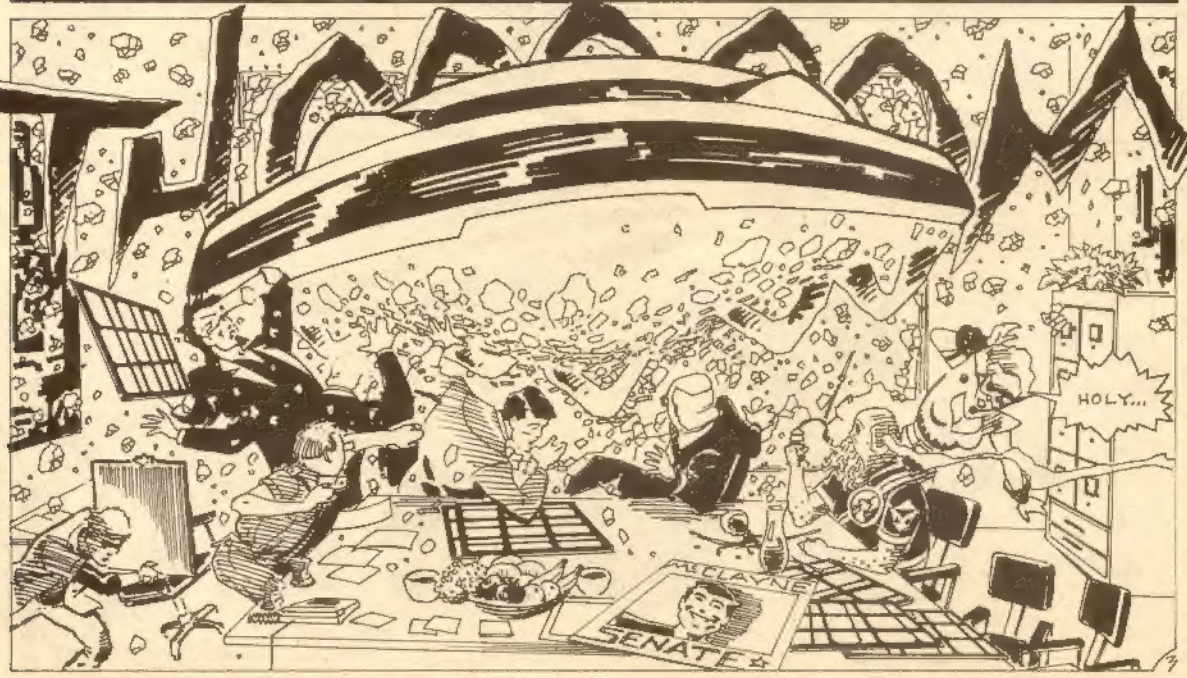


EXCUSE  
ME...

PACKAGE FROM  
MODERN ART  
GRAPHICS...



IN FACT, THEY'RE  
HERE OVER HERE,  
YOUNG MAN...



HOLY...

REPLAYNE  
SENATE



TARGETS, COMMANDER?

...SHIT!!

ALL OF THEM.  
MINISTRY WANTS  
OUT OF THIS CAN OF  
WORMS. THE SLATE  
IS TO BE WIPED  
CLEAN.

START WITH THAT ONE. HE INSULTED MY  
WIFE AT THE CONGRESSIONAL BALL...

00 739 TACKLE LANCEY

WE KEEP OUR PROMISES  
ON THIS PLANET, YOU  
DOUBLE-CROSSING  
SQUIDS...

THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN  
THE WEATHER, MCCLAYNE...

DON'T JUST  
SIT THERE,  
YOU BOTTOM-  
FEEDER!  
TELL THEM  
THEY'RE  
MAKING A  
MISTAKE!

...TELL THEM THEY'RE  
MAKING A GODDAMN  
MISTAKE!  
MI...

YOU'RE BECOMING SOMEWHAT  
PROFICIENT AT THIS, COMRADE...

NO! NO!! THIS HAS ALL BEEN  
APPROVED! APPROVED, I SAY!!

HE KNOWS WE'RE  
NOT, EARTH-COW...

ALL THAT PRACTICE ON  
EARTH VIDEO GAMES  
PAYS OFF, COMMANDER...



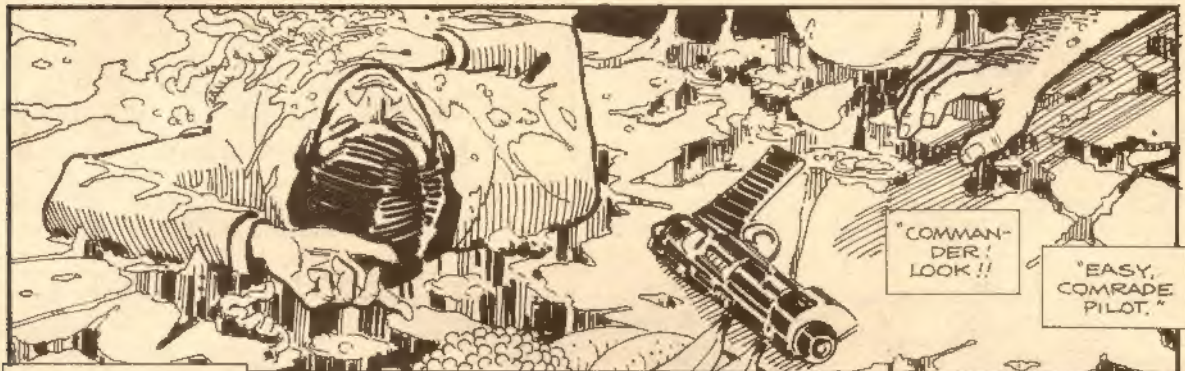
"WE KNOW THAT YOU  
CRETINOUS EARTH-  
HUCKSTERS..."



"...AND WE ALSO KNOW..."



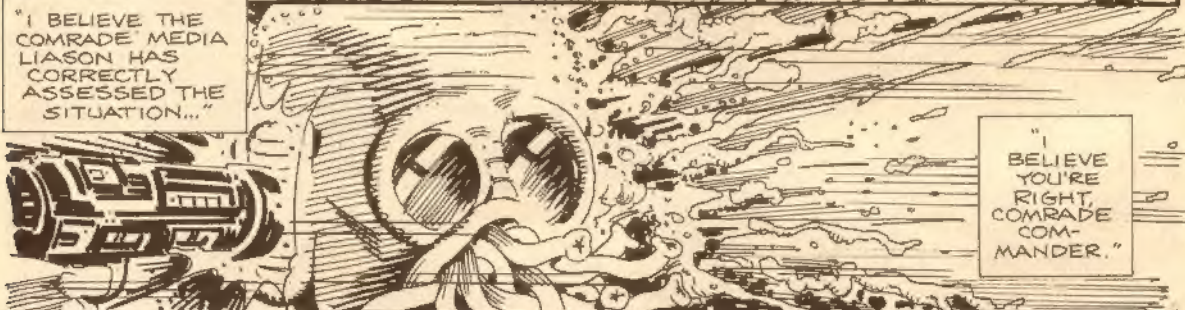
"...THAT IT HAS  
NOW BEEN  
UN-APPROVED."



"COMMAN-  
DER!  
LOOK!!

"EASY,  
COMRADE  
PILOT."

"I BELIEVE THE  
COMRADE MEDIA  
LIASON HAS  
CORRECTLY  
ASSESSED THE  
SITUATION..."



"I  
BELIEVE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
COMRADE  
COM-  
MANDER."

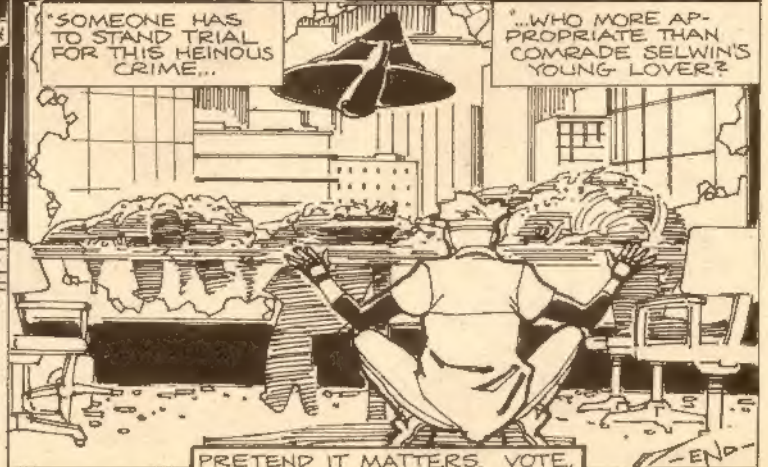
THE BOY.  
SHALL I...?

OF COURSE  
NOT...



"SOMEONE HAS  
TO STAND TRIAL  
FOR THIS HEINOUS  
CRIME..."

"...WHO MORE AP-  
PROPRIATE THAN  
COMRADE SELWIN'S  
YOUNG LOVER?"



PRETEND IT MATTERS. VOTE.

-END-



# MELCHER FOR PRESIDENT

BY REVILLO

"A COMIC?"

WE BELIEVE THAT THE TIME HAS COME FOR A NEW KIND OF LEADERSHIP IN THIS COUNTRY.

MY FELLOW AMERICANS, GOD SPEAKS TO ME EVERY DAY AND I'D LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU WHAT HE HAS TOLD ME. HE WANTS ALL OF YOU TO BELIEVE IN ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND IF YOU DO, HE HAS PROMISED THAT YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO POOP AGAIN!

WE NEED A LEADER WHO DOESN'T MIND ADMITTING THAT HE IS DISHONEST AND WITHOUT PRINCIPLES!

MR. PRESIDENT, ON AUG. 12TH YOU SAID THAT YOUR OFFICE WAS NOT INVOLVED WITH THE SELLING OF TAINTED DOG FOOD TO THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS IN GUAM, BUT ON...

OKAY, SO I LIED!! YOU'RE A BIG BOY, DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS EVER LIE TO YOU?? GROW UP, WILL YOU!!

WE NEED A LEADER WHO DOESN'T OWN ANY GREY SUITS OR YELLOW TIES!

THIS, NOT THIS!!

WE NEED A LEADER WHO HATES EVERY RECORD NEIL DIAMOND EVER MADE!

SOMEBODY! PLEASE UNTIE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!

♪ SONG SUNG BLUE EVERYBODY KNOWS ONE... ♪

WE NEED A LEADER WHO IS NOT AN ACTOR AND ISN'T EVEN VERY ARTICULATE!

N-N-N-N-N

WE NEED A LEADER WHO IS TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE TO EITHER ONE OF OUR CURRENT POLITICAL PARTIES...

(TO BE FILLED IN BY THE READER)

IN SHORT, WE NEED A COMMUNIST FROM MARS, WE NEED MELCHER!!!!

PRETTY FUNNY, HUH?





FREE  
press

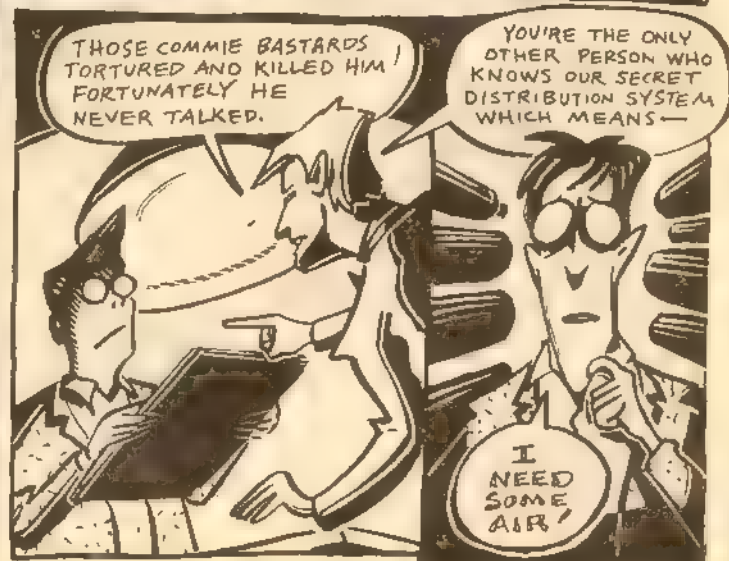
STORY:  
CHARLES  
SANTINO

PART:  
PETER  
KUPER

WHAT A LIFE!  
FORCED TO DRAW  
COMMIE PROPAGANDA  
POSTERS!

IF I DIDN'T  
HAVE MY "FREE-  
LANCE WORK" I'D  
PROBABLY GO  
NUTS...







I'VE GOT TO  
CHOOSE SOMEONE TO  
SHARE THE INFO-  
WITH IN CASE SOME-  
THING HAPPENS TO ME

SLAM

CH

GIVE  
UP!!

@@#!  
COMMIE  
GESTAPO  
PATROL!

THAT  
ONES GETTING  
AWAY!

HALT

SCREE





WHAAA?!

HANG ON!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

JUST A SECOND SON...

I'VE GOT THEM IN MY SIGHTS!

WOW!

THIS TOWN WON'T BE SAFE FOR US ANYMORE...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL RELAX, WE'VE GOT QUITE A TRIP AHEAD OF US...





...SO THAT'S MY STORY!

I'M A REBEL, LIKE YOU, BUT UNLIKE YOU, I HAVE ENOUGH SUPPORT

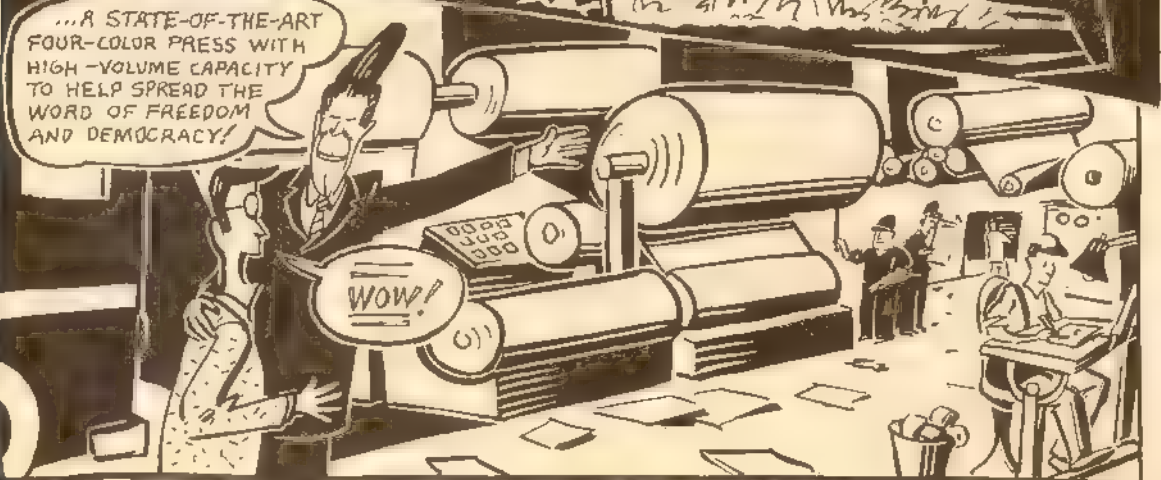
AND POWER TO CRUSH THOSE COMMIE SLIME!

...HERE IS MY HEADQUARTERS

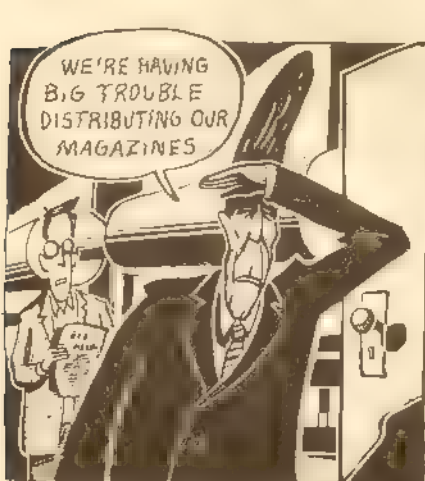


...A STATE-OF-THE-ART FOUR-COLOR PRESS WITH HIGH-VOLUME CAPACITY TO HELP SPREAD THE WORD OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY!

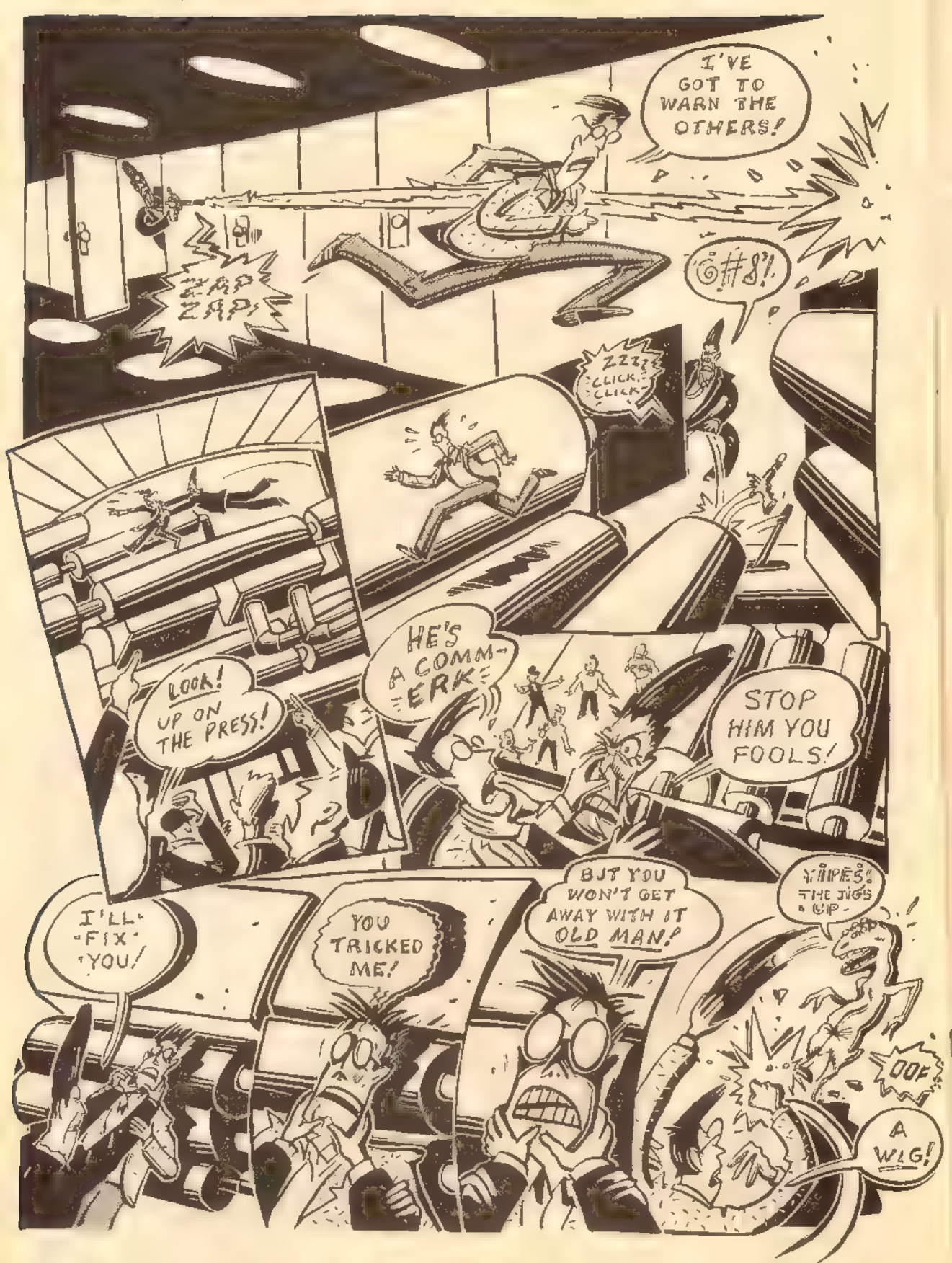
WOW!



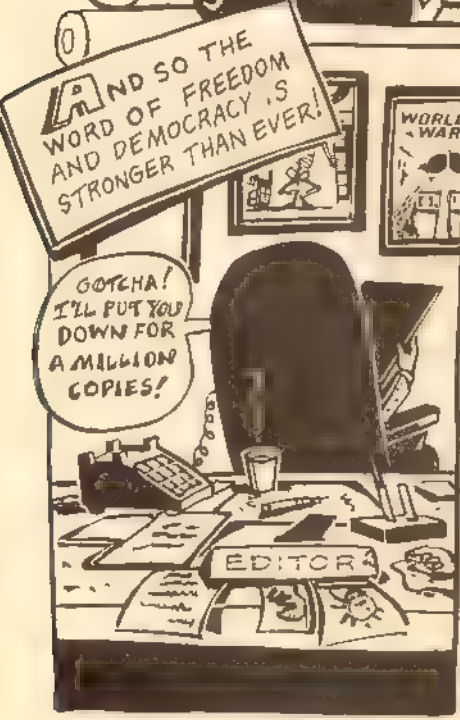
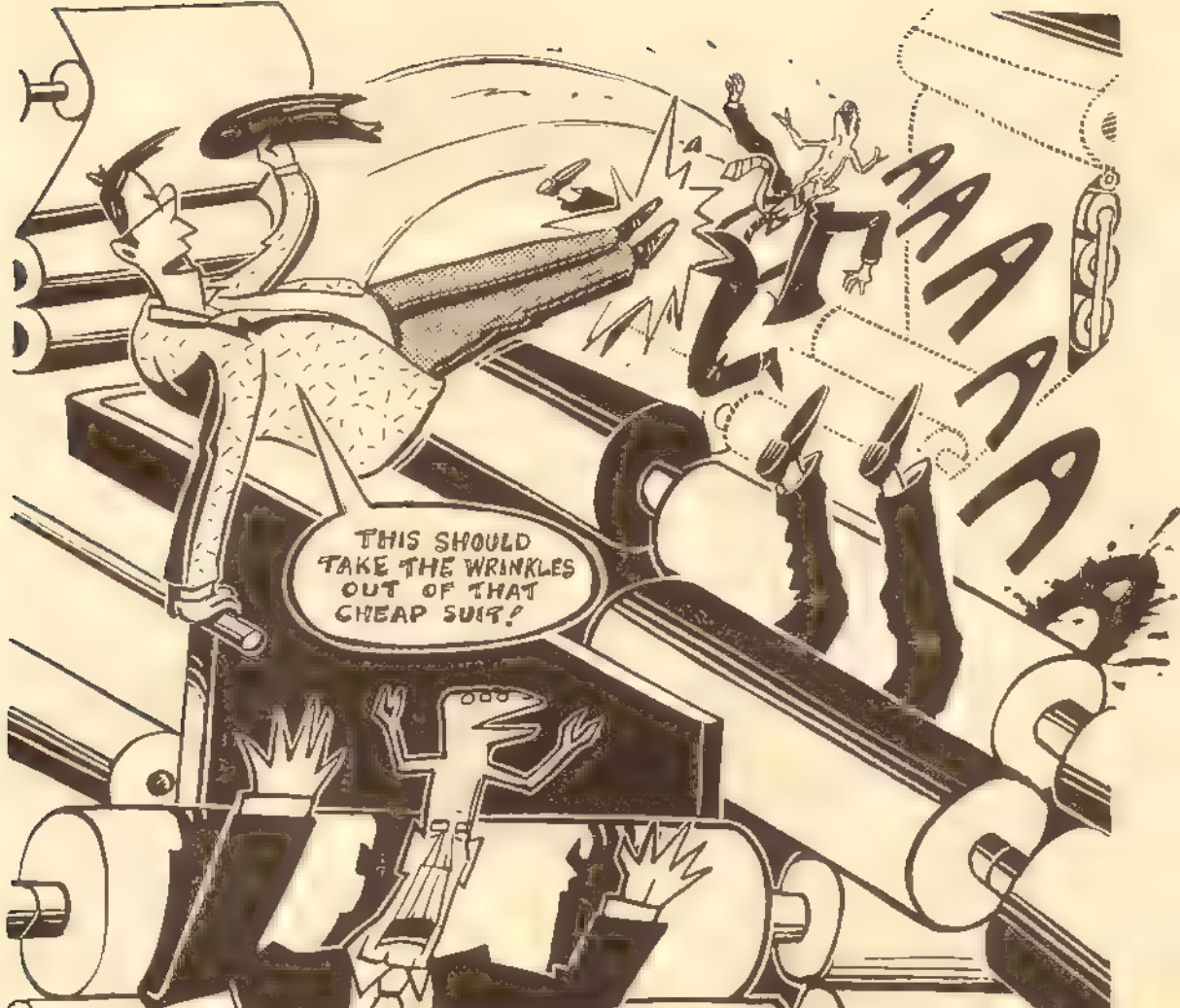












THE END!



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AND WHILE THEY  
 LAST- BACK ISSUES!

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 AND HANDLING)

CHECK  
 HERE  
☐

**COMMIES FROM MARS**  
**T-SHIRT**

CHECK  
 SIZE AND QUANTITY ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
 NUMBER DESIRED SIZE ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL  
**\$10.95** each (+\$2.00 SHIPPING  
 AND HANDLING)

**COMMIES FROM MARS**  
**BACK ISSUES**

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 (+\$1.00 SHIPPING  
 AND HANDLING)

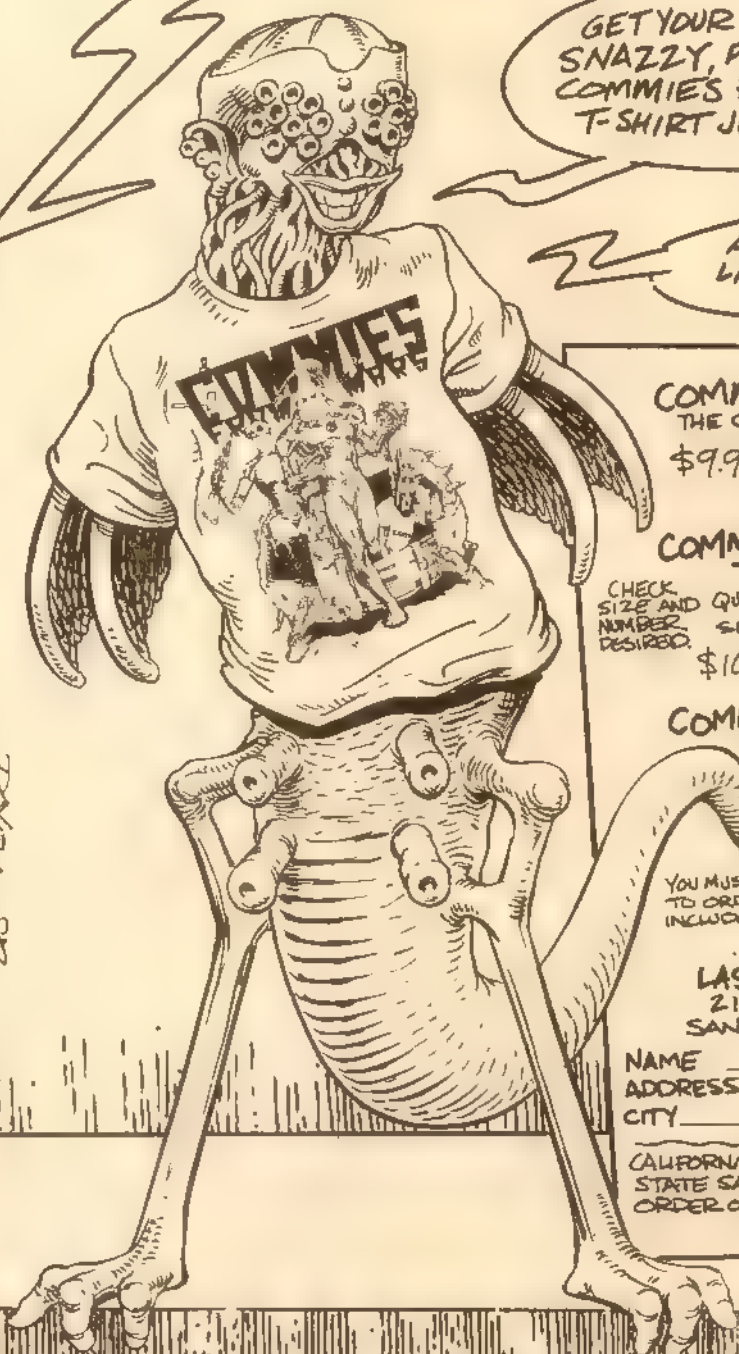
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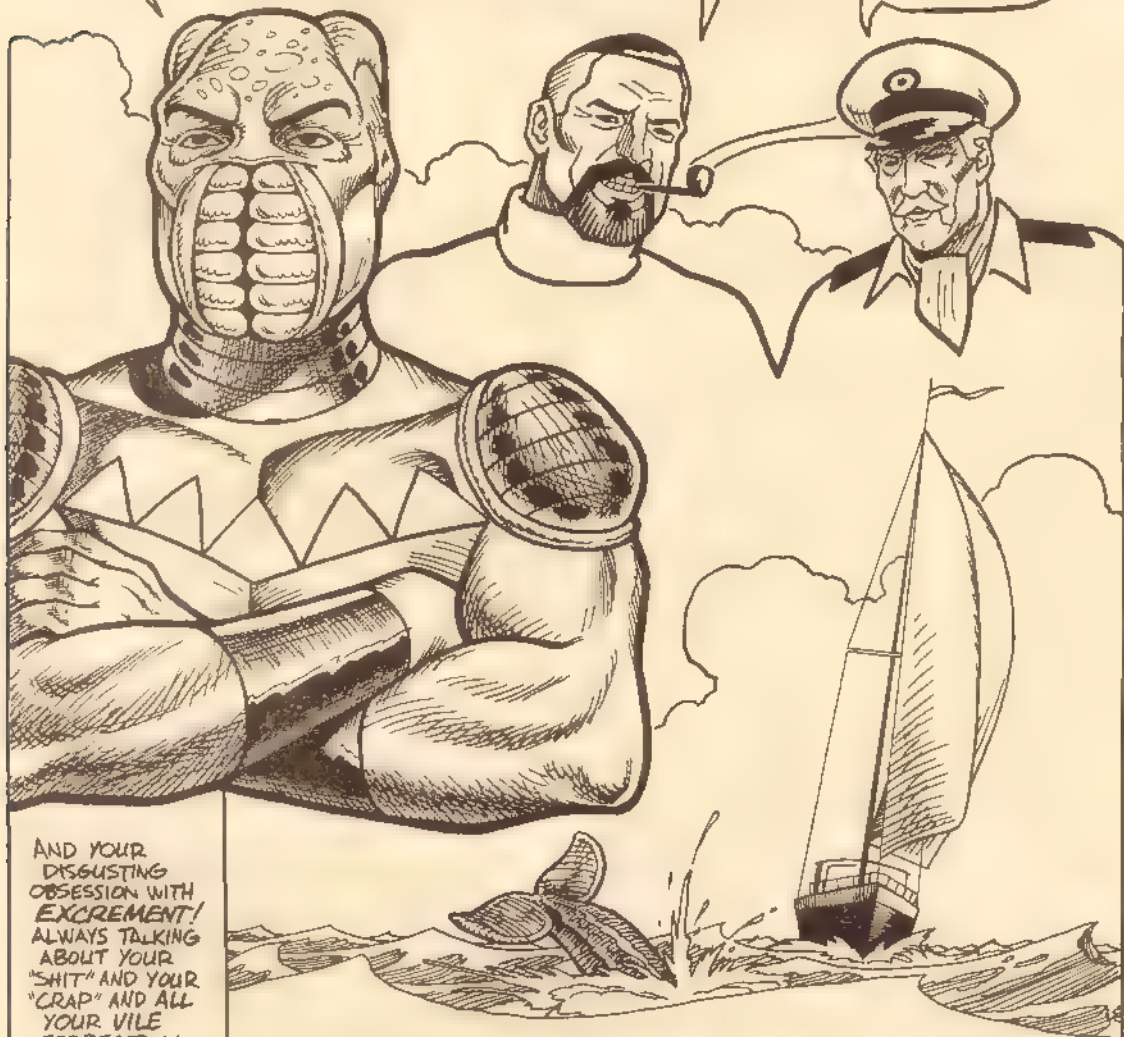




CLOUDS! ANOTHER  
STUPID EARTH CONCEPT!  
CLOUDS ARE FORBIDDEN  
ON MARS

I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF  
THIS, ULYSSES - IF THAT MARTIAN  
ASSHOLE DOESN'T CUT THE SHIT,  
I MAY HAVE TO SWIM BACK TO  
YOUR ESTATE!

COME ON, JAMIE -  
SURELY AFTER THIRTY  
YEARS AS A JOURNALIST  
YOU'VE LEARNED TO PUT  
UP WITH A LITTLE  
CRAP



AND YOUR  
DISGUSTING  
OBSESSION WITH  
**EXCREMENT!**  
ALWAYS TALKING  
ABOUT YOUR  
"SHIT" AND YOUR  
"CRAP" AND ALL  
YOUR VILE  
TERRESTRIAL  
FILTH...  
OH, CURSES  
UPON THIS  
NAUSEATING  
PLANET OF  
SPITTLE AND  
ORDURE!  
HOW FITTING  
THAT IT IS  
NAMED AFTER  
THE FOUL  
DIRT IT IS  
MADE OF -  
NASTY, SLIMEY  
MUCK...  
NOT LIKE THE  
MOTHERWORLD.  
MARS IS  
HARD AND COLD  
AND CLEAN.

# A SAILOR'S DREAM

BY KENNETH HUEY © 1987

SO WHY DON'T YOU  
JUST GO BACK  
TO YOUR PRECIOUS...

ULYSSES!  
I THINK  
I CAN SEE...  
MOON  
TWO





SEE HOW WE IMPROVE  
YOUR PLANET, EARTHLINGS!  
IS IT NOT GOOD TO HAVE  
TWO MOONS IN THE SKY?

ONCE MORE, COL. VENG,  
I INSIST WE MUST DISCUSS  
THIS NEW SATELLITE. IT IS  
THE SOURCE OF GRAVE PERIL  
TO TERRA!

JAMIE!

WHAT HAS BECOME  
OF MR BRANDYWINE'S  
JOURNALISTIC  
INSTINCTS,  
ADMIRAL  
NOBOY?

OH, SCREW  
ALL THIS!  
I'M GOING  
BELOW

IS IT NO LONGER NEWS WHEN  
EARTH'S LEADERS GO BEGGING FOR A  
WORD WITH THEIR CONQUERORS?

HE IS FRIGHTENED  
AND ANGRY, YOUR  
EXCELLENCY!  
WHAT EARTHIAN  
ISN'T? THE EFFECTS  
OF MOON TWO  
HAVE BEEN  
CATASTROPHIC!

NOT ONLY HAVE  
THOUSANDS PERISHED IN  
THE GREAT FLOODS  
AND MONSOONS,  
THE OCEANS THEMSELVES  
ARE CHOKING ON THE  
POISONOUS ERUPTIONS  
OF COUNTLESS  
UNDERSEA VOLCANOES

I CARE NOTHING FOR  
YOUR OCEANS. MARS  
HAS DONE WITHOUT  
OCEANS FOR EONS.  
THEY ARE WORTHLESS!

NOT TO US,  
COLONEL

MR. BRANDYWINE!  
LOOK WHAT I'VE  
FOUND

THERE ARE THOSE  
WHO WOULD RISK  
EVERYTHING  
TO SAVE THEM

"ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN  
NEPTUNE"?? WHAT'S  
THIS TRASH  
DOING ON  
BOARD?

I'VE BEEN READING THESE  
FICTIONS - THEY ARE VERY  
EXCITING

NOT HALF AS EXCITING AS  
WHEN NOBOY WAS LIVING 'EM!  
YOU SEE, IN THOSE DAYS, HIS EXPLOTS  
WERE TOP SECRET, SO I WASN'T  
ALLOWED TO REPORT ON THEM.

BUT WHEN I  
REWROTE THEM  
AS ACTION STORIES FOR  
CHEAP MAGAZINES,  
NOBODY TOOK THEM  
SERIOUSLY... EXCEPT  
FOR "NEPTUNE'S"  
LEGIONS OF  
LOYAL FANS!

THEN... YOU'RE  
"FOSTER BENT"





THAT'S RIGHT, SITH SIQUE... AND I TURNED MY FRIEND INTO THE DASHING SUPERHERO, CAPT. NEPTUNE. YOU KNOW, I HAD TO TONE DOWN THE ACTUAL FACTS TO MAKE THE STORIES MORE CREDIBLE - LIKE HIS FLYING SUB. FOR INSTANCE, **THE JUGGERNAUT**

YES! HOW AMAZED WE WERE WHEN IT APPEARED OVER MARSFORT

SO AMAZED YOUR ARMADA HAD TO FOLLOW IT BACK TO EARTH

PLEASE, MISTER BRANDYWINE... I GRIEVE OVER WHAT WE HAVE DONE TO YOUR PLANET. I HAD ALWAYS YEARNED TO SEE YOUR OCEANS FOR MYSELF... MY BRAIN **HURT** TRYING TO IMAGINE SO MUCH WATER.



THEN HE GAVE SUCH A YELP! AND STARTED SHAKING... HE TOLD ME HE THOUGHT HE'D SEEN SOMETHING THRU THE PORTHOLE, BUT HE WOULDN'T SAY WHAT

IT IS A PUTRID COWARD, LIKE ALL BETA'S. IT STAYS BELOW BECAUSE EVEN THE **BIGNESS** OF YOUR OCEAN TERRIFIES IT

IT'S SUCH A SAD IRONY THAT I'VE COME WITH THE RAVISHERS OF EARTH, INSTEAD OF...

**G'YAAHH!**

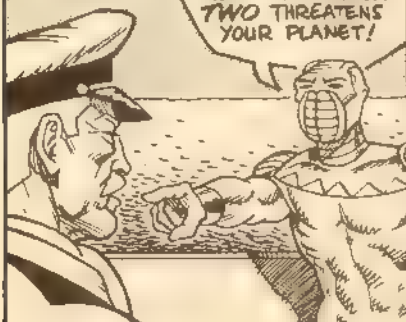


SITH SIQUE IS RIGHT TO FEAR THE SEA'S MAJESTY - ANY SAILOR KNOWS HE SURVIVES ONLY BY HER SUFFERANCE. IT MEANS DEATH TO OFFEND HER!

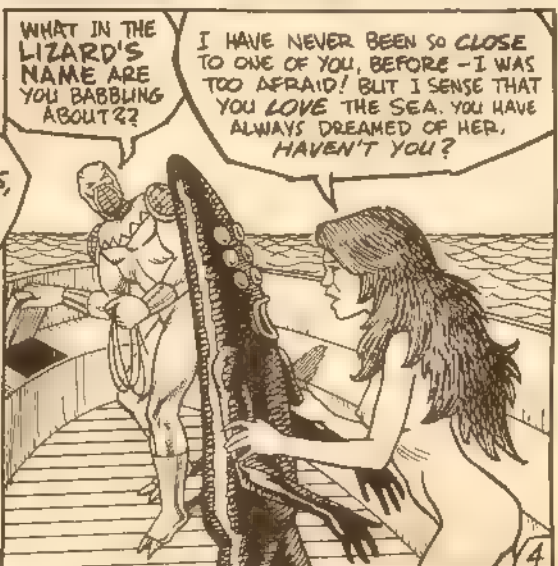
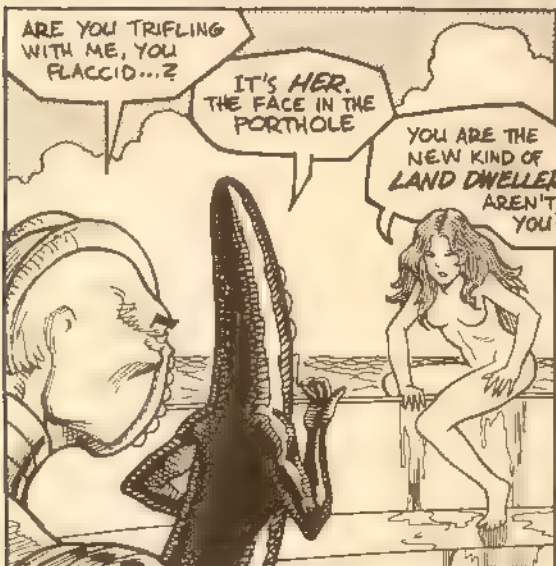
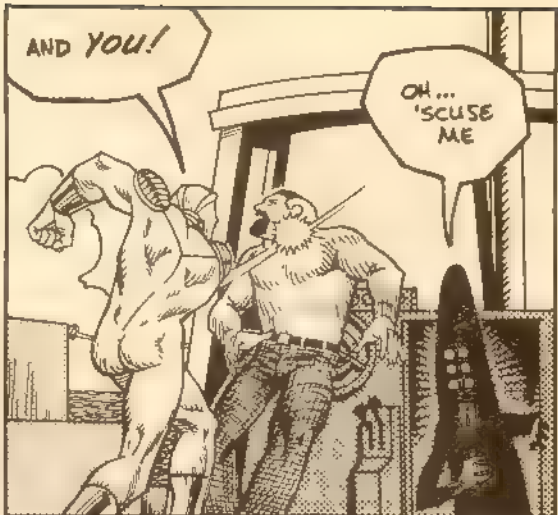
SO! ONCE AGAIN, YOU SEEK TO TORMENT ME WITH YOUR WHINING ABOUT HOW **MOON TWO** THREATENS YOUR PLANET!

WELL, IF IT REDUCES THE SEAS OF EARTH TO **DUST** SO MUCH THE SOONER SHALL YOUR WORLD BE TRANSFORMED INTO **MARS TWO!!**

SO THE SPIES WERE RIGHT ABOUT YOUR EVIL PLANS! **SIT DOWN, VENG!** YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THE SATELLITE'S **AUTO-DESTRUCT CODE**











THEN YOU  
MUST HELP HER!  
TELL ME, WHAT  
IS THAT THING  
IN THE SKY?



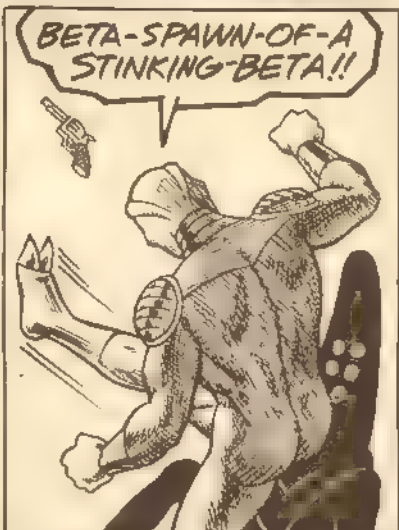
THE ADMIRAL  
IS STIRRING.  
TIE HIM UP!

MOVE!

AWK!



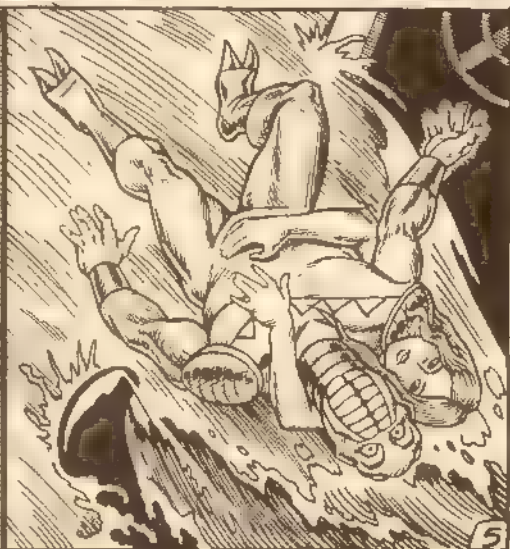
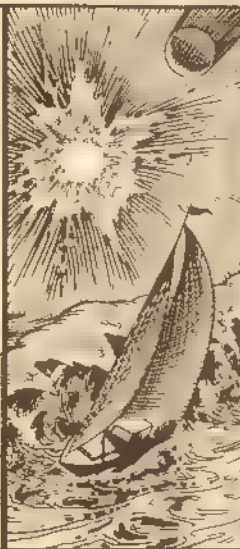
S-STOP COL.  
VENG! THEY ARE  
RIGHT! THE  
SATELLITE  
MUST BE...



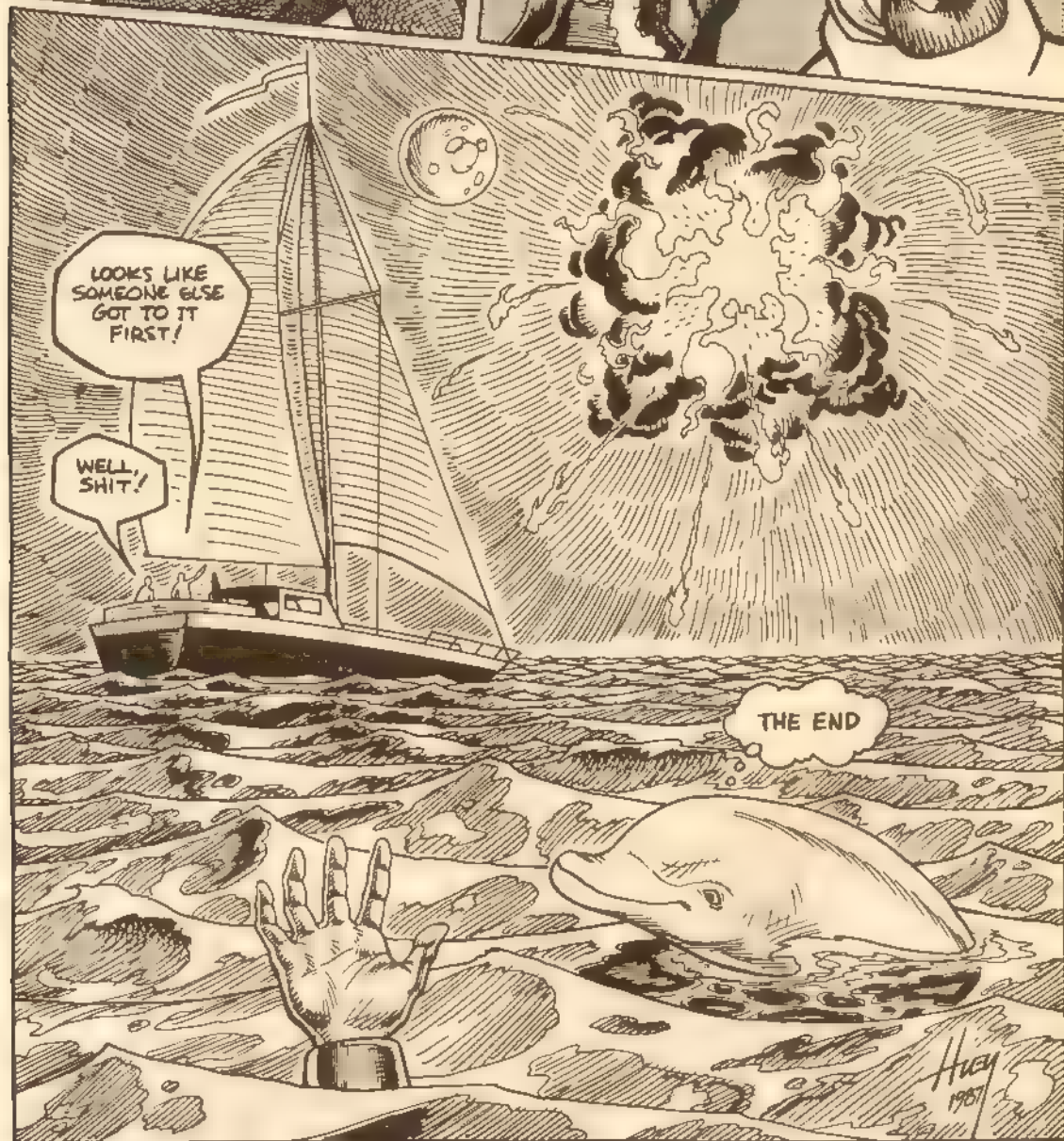
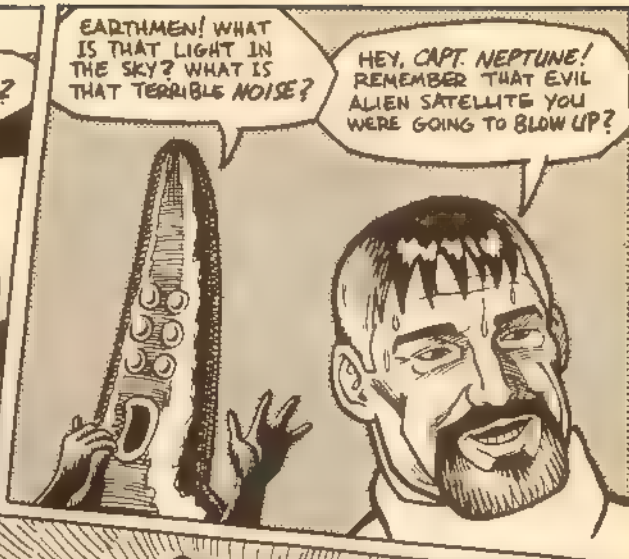
BETA-SPAWN-OF-A  
STINKING-BETA!!



NOBOY PROMISED  
ME A PLEASURE  
CRUISE/ FINALLY,  
NOW, SOMETHING  
I WILL ENJOY!

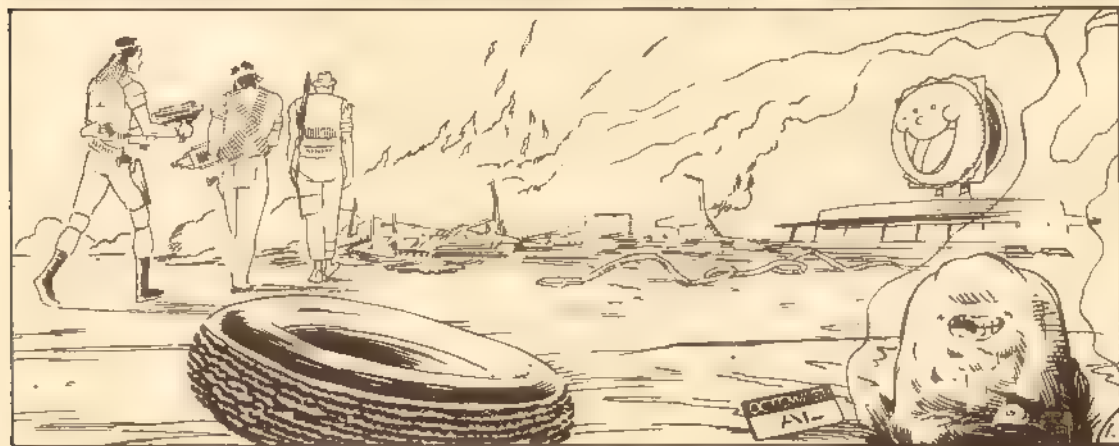




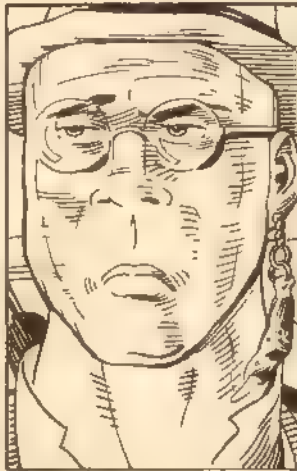
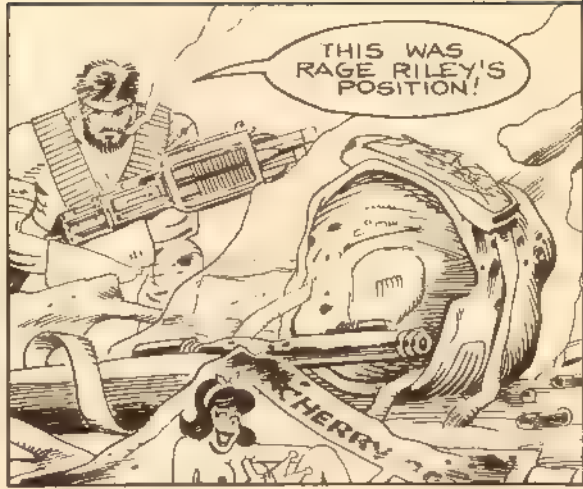


# "RAGE" RILEY IN "WHO'S ARCHIE MOORE?"

WRITTEN BY DAVE  
DRAWN BY RICH







LISTEN, GUYS, SHOULDN'T WE BE PISSED OFF ABOUT THIS? SHOULDN'T WE BE IN A RAGE, ATTACKING AND WASTING MARTIANS KICKING THE SHIT OUTTA THEM FOR WHAT THEY DONE TO OUR NUMBER ONE BUDDY?

WE'RE SURROUNDED, YOU ASSHOLE...

BY MARTIAN KOOG DEVILS OUTTA THE FIRST MARTIAN MARINES...

THE WORST!

THEY'LL EAT US FOR BREAKFAST...

BEFORE THEY KILL AND DISMEMBER US!

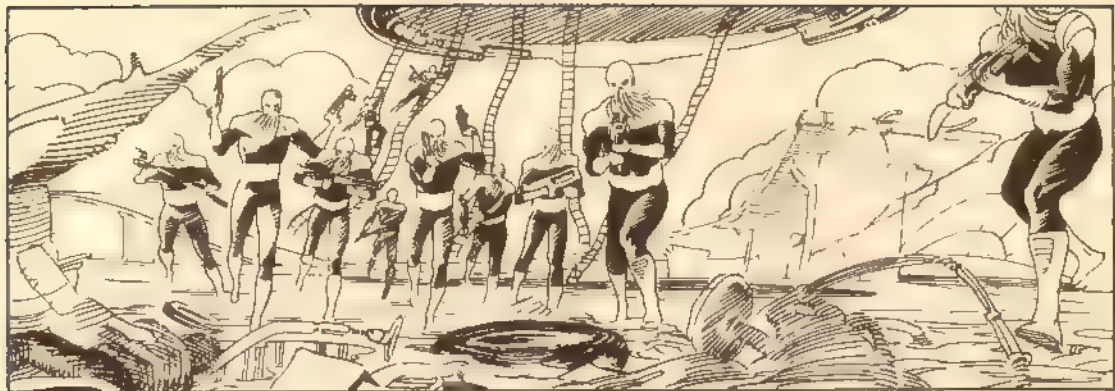
WITHOUT RAGE, WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE.

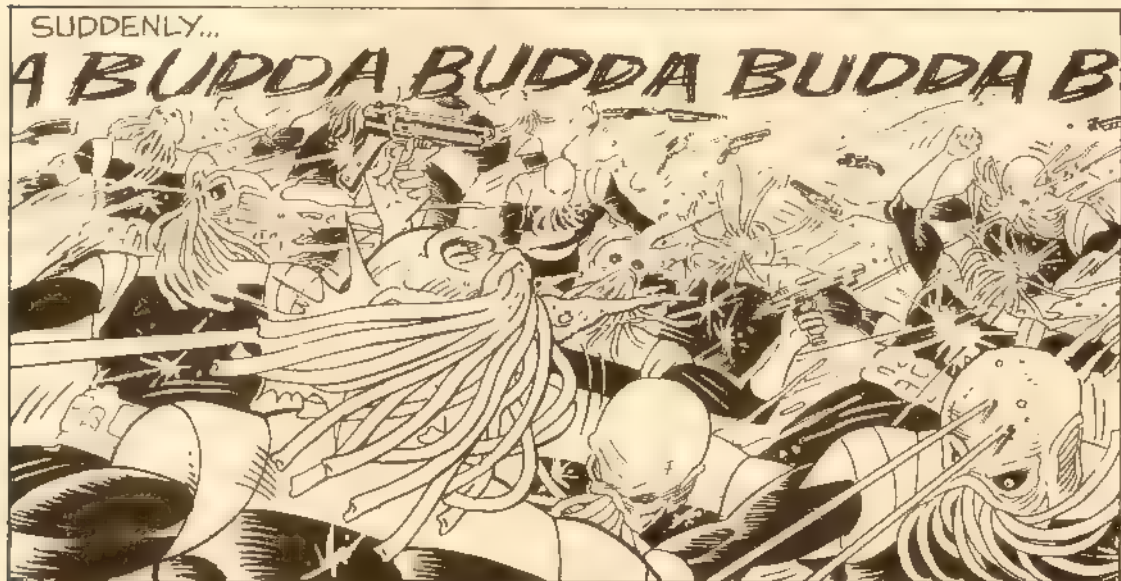
MAYBE WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE BEFORE, BUT AT LEAST WE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

YER RIGHT WE'RE FUCKED.

AND HERE THEY COME!



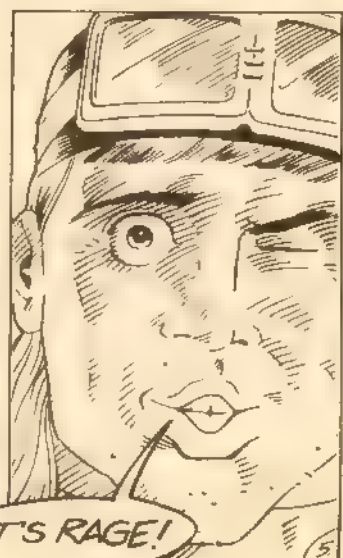




WHAT THE...?

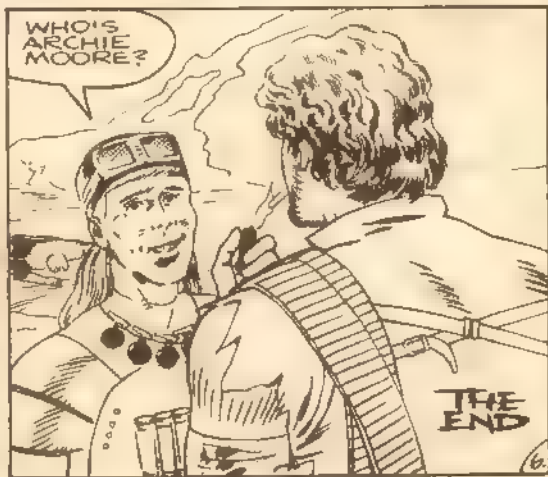


HOLY SHIT!



IT'S RAGE!





"SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE" IS NO EXCUSE FOR ABUSING LITTLE GIRLS. NO ONE COMES OUT AHEAD WHEN FORBIDDEN FANCIES BECOME...

# A FATAL FONDNESS!

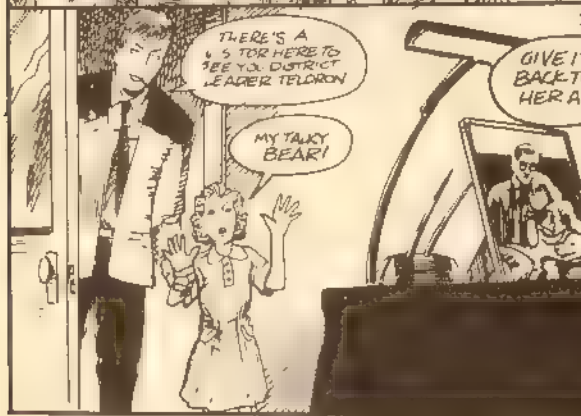
THE RESISTANCE HAD THE MARTIAN'S JUMPY. THEY STARTED SEEING A CONTRA BEHIND EVERY BUSH. THAT'S WHY THEY STOPPED SALLY CALE AND HER DAUGHTER PAM ON THEIR WAY TO THE STORE OR WAS IT? AN EARTH MAID WASON MAN NAMED CLARK IS CALLED TO THE SCENE OF THE ARREST.



ONE DAY LATER OUTSIDE THE MARTIAN BUREAU OF SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES INVESTIGATIONS



IN THE MARTIAN THIRD DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS

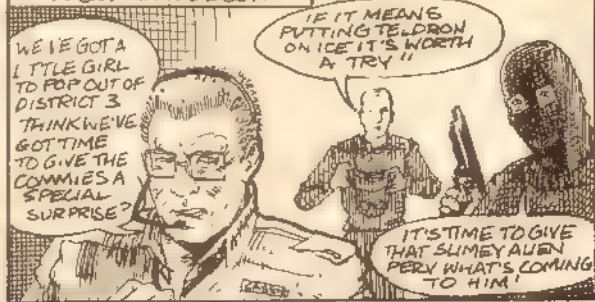




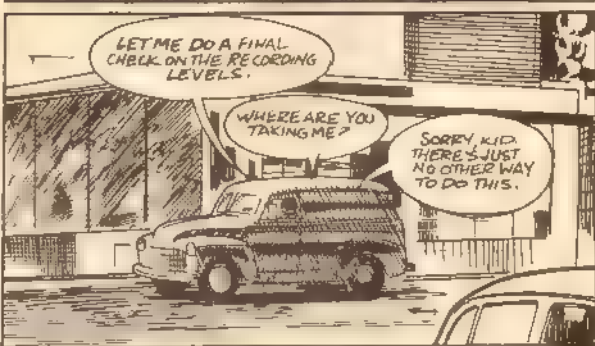
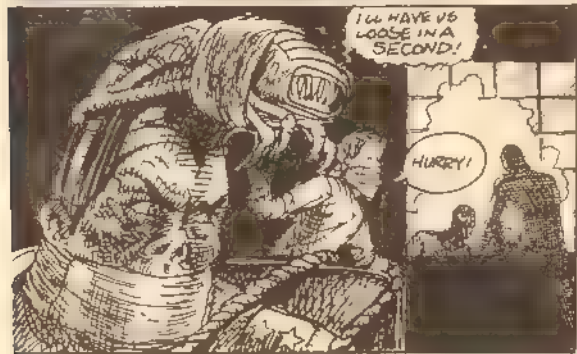
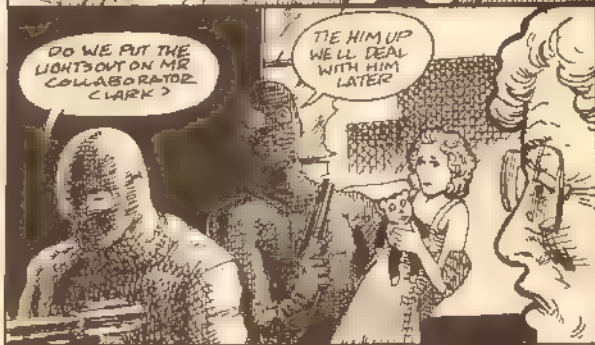
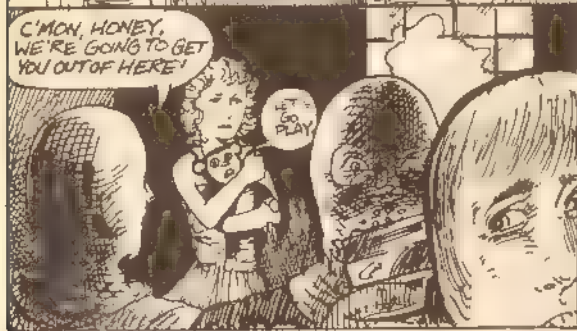
IN AN OFFICE, BEHIND A LOCKED DOOR ..



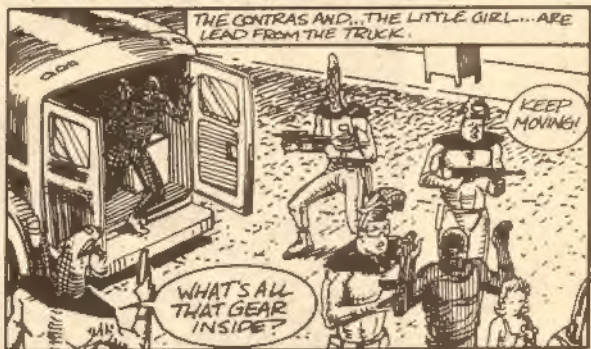
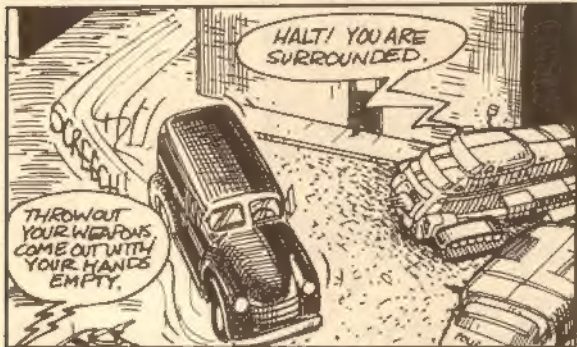
IN A CONTRA H DEOUT ..



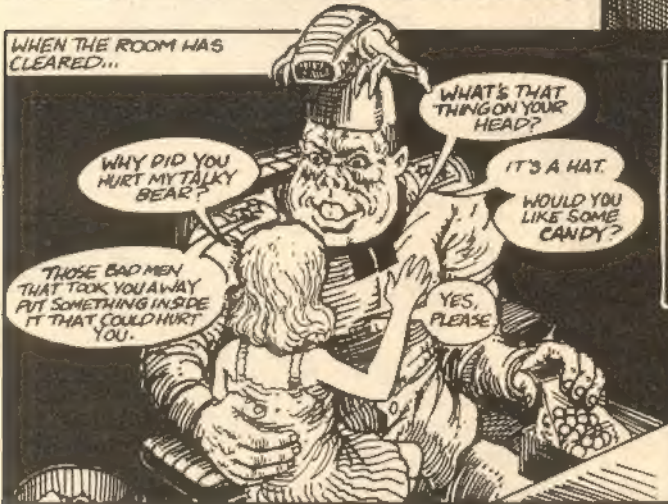
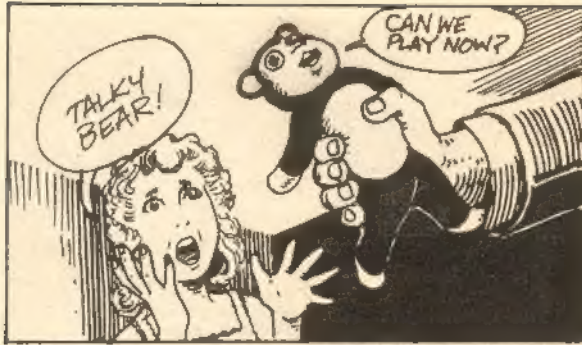
IN A DRESSING ROOM ON AN OUTER WING OF MARTIAN HEADQUARTERS, THE LITTLE GIRL IS DRESSED TO TELDRON'S TASTES



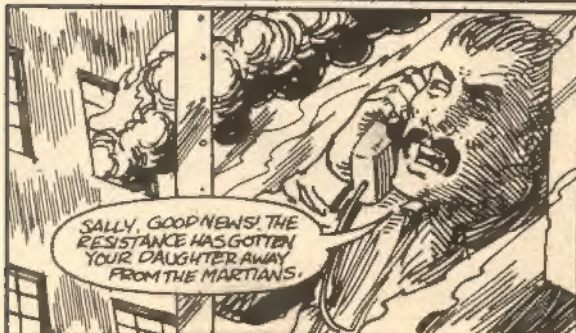




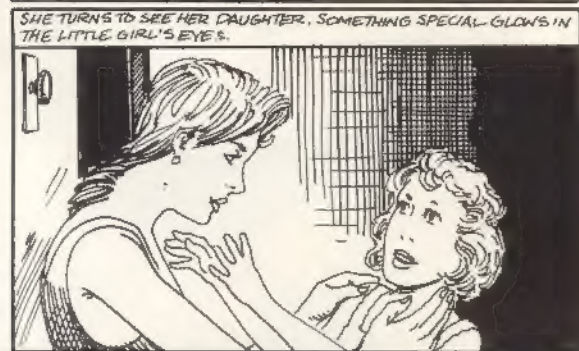
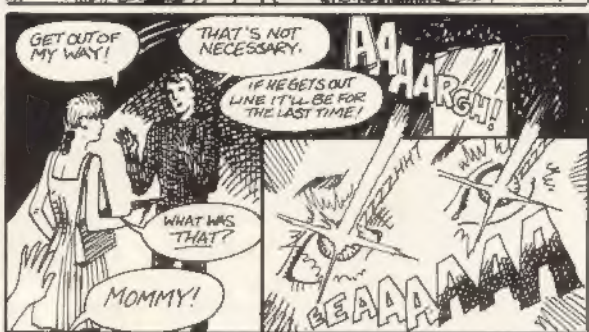
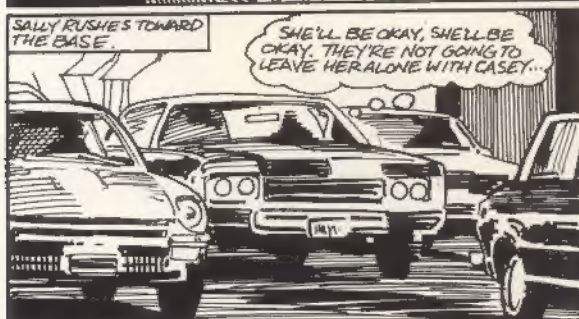




HIS LARGE HAND GRABS THE CHILD'S LITTLE KNEE AND SQUEEZES...







THE END.



# RAGE RILEY AND HIS FREEDOM FIGHTERS!

2-24-93

"We were eatin' it, Martians everywhere. I said to O'Flynn, 'Keep yer head down, you dumb bastard, yer drawin' fire.' Well right then a Martian 202 opens up on the next thing I know, O'Flynn's head is lookin' up at me like St. John the Baptist about to govt. 'Chryot,' says Boyle, 'he took ya literally, Rage. Bleed all over yer comic book, too.'"

It was Commies from Mars #2 fortunately. I say fortunately because I keep six copies in my knapsack for reading, wiping my ass and for bandages. You got to be prepared. Also you can use 'em for condoms in the event of safe sex suddenly taking place.  
Rage.

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TIM BAXTER  
DAVID NEBS PEOPLES